

GOOD POKER STORIES.

Well-known Men Tell About the American Game.

SOME VERY EXCITING MOMENTS

Experienced by Billy Florence—Ex-Gov. Foster, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Hatton and Others Relate Tales.

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No game is likely to succeed the great American game of draw poker, and at this season of the year it serves to while away an idle hour on the rail, in the mountain camp, on the deck of the becalmed yacht, or in the dull watches of the seaside hotel. If all the good poker stories that have been told could be collected and put into book form, the result would be a volume of absorbing interest. Below will be found a few good stories told by men whose names are household words:

BILLY FLORENCE TELLS SOME GOOD STORIES.

"While poker is considered a national game, I must confess," said Billy Florence, the actor, "that I have seen it played chiefly in an international way, i.e., on board British steamships carrying American passengers. I only play cards en route to Europe to pass away the time—nothing else—and then I do not gamble. Once, some years ago, I was playing a theatrical engagement in Louisville, Ky., and I was invited to visit and participate in a late supper after the performance was over. Among those who were to be at the supper was the noted editor, Henry Watterson. The theatrical performance was very long, and it was getting near midnight when I arrived at the bachelor apartments. I had no sooner arrived than I noticed some little excitement among the gentlemen present. It seemed that a game of draw had ended, and a count was being made of money. I had no alternate but to await developments, and they came soon enough. A big dispute arose across the table, and in an instant Watterson was on his feet, pistol

under ordinary circumstances the Colonel would have kept the candles lighted and permitted the game to go on, but he was elected Colonel on the strength of being very straight-faced, and he did not wish to appear in a different guise to his constituents, at least, one-half of them.

"Ain't music used, Kernel, in a military funeral?" asked the chaplain. "The Colonel said: 'Yes, wait him off with fiddles and drums.' And added that the body would be borne on the shoulders of four or six soldiers. In fact the Colonel was not so well posted himself. It was the first military funeral in Texas during the Confederacy.

"Ain't we got to shoot over his grave, Kernel?"

"Yes, I think that is the correct military code in such cases," replied the Colonel.

"By this time the strain upon the Colonel's patience was so great that he could hardly refrain from slamming the door in the chaplain's face.

"Ain't we—"

"It is a jackpot I opened. Oh, yes, the boy deserves a grand military send-off, chaplain," said the Colonel.

"I never heard of a jackpot funeral, Kernel," said the chaplain innocently.

"Well, I have, and they are expensive, too, but that is not the kind the boy need have," concluded the Colonel.

"The chaplain went away and the Colonel raked in a hundred or two on his full hand and the game continued all night. About daylight, the players heard the military funeral moving and it was almost a nondescript affair. Three fiddles, two snare drums, a brass trumpet and a triangle played the funeral dirge in a lively way. In fact, the tune played on the fiddles was the 'Girl I Left Behind Me,' and the drums and horns filled in with sound.

The band was in a wagon in front and the procession moved at double quick time. The boy was in a small wagon drawn by three Mexican mules.

The military escort had double-barrel shotguns, Mississippi rifles and old flint and steel blunderbusses. It was a motley funeral procession, and as it passed the Colonel's headquarters at double quick time the latter was betting \$50 cool on a pair of sevens.

Just as he raked in the money he heard a tremendous volley, followed by two more a few moments thereafter. The boy was buried, the Colonel won all the money at the poker table, and the chaplain to this day thinks the Colonel never threw a card in his life. Neither funerals nor rumors of war can stop a big game of poker when it gets under full swing."

EX-GOV. FOSTER'S STORY.

"I am not much on poker, but of course I know a little something about the game," says ex-Gov. Charles Foster of Ohio. "The funniest game of poker that I ever heard of was really a game of euchre. After the five cards had been dealt Hebrew evinced more than ordinary emotion, and finally blurted out: 'If this you only pokera, I'd make out purse of yours git empty.' His opponent replied that he was perfectly willing to play the hand as a poker one if the former would give a queen from his hand. Immediately the Hebrew took a queen from his hand and cheerfully gave it to his opponent. The betting was rather high, several thousand dollars being staked upon the result. When the Hebrew called, his opponent quietly showed four aces and the queen, which outmatched the four kings and the two tens. There was some laughter at the Hebrew's expense, but he could not see it. He said: 'Vid sa man take ze queen? It vos foolish mit him to do so.' Any poker player blindfolded, of course, would have known the hand without queering the cards. I could tell a tale—but I hear my cue and must go on the stage to serenade 'Angelique.' Poker is a relative game—we all have our aces. Good-by."

FRANK HATTON TELLS OF A FUNNY GAME.

Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General and editor of the Washington Post, tells this: "Poker? What a world of uncertainty, the word conjures up. It is a hopeful, evasive, elusive, illusive, seductive and time-absorbing game. Hoyle and Gunter, indeed, all great authorities, only treat of the game in an empirical way. The science of how to win at poker is simply to hold the biggest hands when I witnessed a funny game of poker one evening in a big hotel in New York city. Three or four gentlemen were seated at the table in a private room playing a big game of jack-pot poker. It was one of those rattling, dashing games that takes one's breath away, especially when one's cash is short. Maj. Blank was one of the players, and the way he won was almost miraculous. Now this Major was in the habit of saying what came to his mind, even at the most critical moment of the game. A big jack-pot was opened and the Major and two others stayed in. One or two bets were made and one gentleman dropped out, leaving the Major and a gentleman, who had lost nearly all in the evening, in. It was the Major's turn to say, and he bet heavily. His opponent had a small, sickly pile of chips, the remnant of a pyramid, and he gazed despairingly at them. Instead of putting up his chips he began to scratch his head with one hand and meditate. The Major stared at him anxiously, waiting to see what he would do, call or throw up his hand. The head scratching continued, and the Major's patience was soon exhausted. He half rose up in his chair and said in a loud, determined voice: 'Well, sir, we are telling chips, not wits, and you just stop scratching your head. It was too much, and the players burst into laughter.

DE WOLF HOPPER HAS BEEN THERE.

De Wolf Hopper, the comedian, says: "Talk about getting frosty, eating easel, as Hamlet said, and losing faith in mankind. I saw a case in point last season. Now if there is any kind of a game that will bring out one's true nature and make a Quaker roll out faster than the famous troops in Flanders, it is draw poker. I do not speak as a coy neophyte for I have dabbled with the golden possibilities of a jackpot until my betting nerves have almost shaken like a real Aspen tree.

"The opera company I was with last season was on tour for a city out west and a few of us killed the tedium of the journey away by playing draw poker. Five were in the game, Eugene O'Donnell, Stevens, my present manager, Cripps, Digby Bell and myself. The betting limit was two dollars, and I can just tell the uninformed that it doesn't take long to lose fifty dollars or one hundred dollars at a two-dollar limit. Oudin knew nothing about the game. He knew when he had pairs, but he did not know their betting value and so when he would pass out we breathed easier. It is hard to beat against a green player. He is liable to show up a big hand that would paralyze the scientific player and upset all calculations. A green poker player is like a mule, you never know just when or how hard he is going to kick you, but sooner or later you will be kicked."

"As the cars with their incessant rattle, rattle and dumpety dump, rushed over miles of the track it became more and more apparent that Oudin was one of the most colossal verdant players that ever shuffled a card. Imagine how Stevens, Digby and I felt playing with an amateur that upset all of our scientific calculations. Yet we played and Bell was a loser. Naturally, he was champing on the bit, anxious to get a big bet and retrieve his losses. The opportunity came soon. A band was deal and the small aces put up. All of us passed except Bell and Oudin. The former drew three cards to two aces, and got two more aces. A perspiration of delight gathered upon Bell's brow and jocularity almost bubbled from him, so secure he felt in being able to win back a large sum from Oudin. Bell gathered up a number of chips, put them down as if he was uncertain

whether to bet or throw up his hand, and finally, in a nonchalant way, pushed up a \$2 chip as a hit. His face assumed a serious look, a serious comic caricature ready for an artist as he watched Oudin. His idea was that Oudin would raise him, and he (Bell) would keep coming back until he completely swamped Mr. Oudin.

The latter put down a brand-new \$2 bill, and said: "I call you." Bell arose, throwing his four aces on the table, and as he did so Oudin placed his hand in view, revealing a king full, and in the king full Oudin had called Bell's \$2 bet. Bell's voice rose to a high pitch as he shouted: "There is no God!" then he made blue streaks in the atmosphere of the car and finally just one roar of blank, blanket blank oaths came from his lips. Four dollars won on four aces! Ye men who aspire to noble things than booby flushed pause briefly and think of four aces capturing \$2 and then prate of justice, luck and hopeless lack of opportunities.

"Well, but there are games. One day the De Wolf Hopper family, consisting of my wife and I, were playing poker with several others

wanted to give up at once. But the assured way in which the editor put up his bet caused all to drop out except Dougherty.

"He saw the bet and raised it another hundred. Watterson never stated, but went another hundred better. All the others at the table began to feel sorry for Dougherty, for they imagined that the editor had a big winning hand and was drawing his opponent on. After three \$100 bets had been made, Dougherty, to the astonishment of those present, called Watterson. The latter put his hand on the table and showed that he had been betting on a pair of deuces. Dougherty raked in something like \$1000 with a pair of sevens. Every one present admired the editor's bluffing nerve, but great praise was bestowed upon Dougherty for his unbounded confidence in a pair of sevens. No one can tell when Watterson is bluffing or betting on a big hand, and that is one reason why he is such a great player.

"When Mr. Walton kept the St. James Hotel many years ago, he was very successful. He was like Midas, everything he touched turned to gold. I was standing behind the office counter one day when John T. Raymond suddenly entered the corridor and met Mr. Walton, who was near the counter. Without so much as shaking hands, or saying how do you do? the actor pulled out a \$10 gold piece, slapped it down on the top of the brass register and called out to Mr. Walton to match it. The latter put down a \$10 gold piece and won. Raymond then put down a \$20 gold piece and again lost. Well, to be brief, he stood there in his tracks and lost \$5000 matching with Walton. It did not take long, and he walked out minus the sum stated."

JAKE SHARP AND HIS FRIENDS UPSET.

"Well, I have seen some big poker games at Albany while I was an Assemblyman," says Hon. Louis M. Weis. "One night I saw Jim Morrissey lose in cold cash \$100,000. But the most amusing game of poker I know of occurred during the war at the Delevan House, Albany, in room 454. The late Jacob Sharp of Broadway surface-railroad notoriety was the occupant of room 454 and he sat around the table with Henry Genet (Prince Hal,) Henry Smith and others whom I do not care to mention. Of course there was a great deal of war excitement and the Federal forces were hammering away at Richmond, Va. These poker players were locked in and betting heavily. They were oblivious to war and rumors of war while engaged in such an absorbing game.

"The news came that Richmond had fallen, and a certain Assemblyman, whose name is immaterial, rushed along the corridor with several others to the door of room 454. Finding it locked, in an instant the Assemblyman was boosted to the skylight or transom just above the door. He got half way in balanced for a brief moment, and without warning, his friends pushed him headlong into the room. He

wanted to sit behind that man. If I had been behind you I would have given you hand away to the other fellow. That is the way I do; I don't want any money." With that remark he walked out of the gambler's state-room. I defy any one to match a phase of character similar to that of the handsome stranger. He got off at New Orleans, and that was the last ever seen of him."

CAPT. BILLY CONNOR'S THRILLING STORY.

"I lived in St. Louis some years ago, during the days when big games of poker were played on the fine Mississippi steamers running to New Orleans. Naturally, I have heard big poker stories of ante-bellum times, where a negro or two would be staked on a hand. I must confess, though, that I am not a poker player, and have not lost any time at the card table."

Spoke Captain Connor, of the St. James Hotel, John McCullough's old friend. "Poker is a good game to test one's character, and the possibilities of the bluff always lend a daring charm to the game that otherwise would be lacking. Many years ago a magnificent Mississippi River steamer was on her way to New Orleans with a cabin full of passengers going to witness Mardi Gras. The usual brass band that played stirring airs at each town landing was aboard, flags were flying from the hurricane roof, and a little brass cannon was mounted on the lower deck, where it belched forth a roar whenever the great steamer left a landing. In the cabin there were passengers from all points along the river, and some from distant cities. The scene on board was animated and gay. Of course there was poker playing in the cabin, which was in the front of the steamer.

"When the boat landed at Natchez a big game was in full blast. A stranger, tall, handsome and well dressed, came aboard. He had an honest, open countenance, and won confidence the minute any one looked at him. After he had registered at the clerk's desk and been assigned to a stateroom, he lit a fragrant Havana cigar, and slowly sauntered around.

When he came to the table where the big game of poker was being played he sat down behind one of the players. Now, it happened that the man he sat behind was not a professional gambler, but his opponent across the table was a blackleg of the most expert and cunning kind. The non-professional, though, had plenty of money and bet freely. Several others were in the game, but they are quite superfluous to this narrative. The handsome stranger sat quietly behind the non-professional and gave pointers to the gambler opposite. He did it in such quick and telegraphic way that no one saw, or even suspected him. The gambler, though, saw and understood his signs thoroughly. Finally the non-professional player began to lose.

"He had a good hand and the gambler would either pass or bet and win. The stakes were raised and several thousand dollars were on the table in one hand. After the non-professional had dealt the cards he picked up his hand and found four hearts and a club. The aces and eights were too high to go out, and so he drew one card to a flush and the gambler drew four cards to a king high."

"The latter never got a pair, and the flush was not made. In an instant the tall stranger communicated the fact to the gambler that his opponent had a bob-tail flush and only queen high. Betting began in a bluffy kind of way by the gambler putting up a cool \$1000. The non-professional saw it and went \$2000 better. They kept raising each other until \$10,000 was up, when the gambler was called. He took in the money with a king high, and the game came to an end. The next morning the tall, handsome stranger was strolling on the hurricane deck, when he was met by the gambler, who requested the pleasure of meeting him alone in his, the gambler's, stateroom. When they arrived the tall stranger bolted the door and said: 'Now, pard; I wish to divide with you. Here are \$5000, half of our winnings.' The tall stranger drew back indignantly and replied: 'I do not understand you. What do you owe me \$5000 for?' Then the gambler explained that he was always divided with other professionals who gave away the hands of gentlemen at the card table.

"Without being embarrassed in the least the stranger said: 'I just gave you pointers because I have

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butcher was game, and never once showed the white feather.

"Hundreds of dollars of the butcher's passed over the table to 'Iky's' pile, and it seemed a one-sided affair. The last deal 'Iky' drew three cards and the butcher one. They began to bet and the pot was large. Finally 'Iky' made a stiff bet of several hundred pounds, which, in the crippled condition of the butcher's finances, almost staggered him. However, he rallied and bet what money he had and his butcher establishment merely to call Sonnenburg. There was an ominous silence in the room as the butcher said: 'Iky, what have you got?' The answer was one that puzzled even old poker players: 'Four kings and a confidence card.' 'What was a confidence card?' every one present echoed in his mind. Sonnenburg looked at the butcher and said again: 'A confidence card?' With that he shoved an ace, which he designated the confidence card, because it made him confident that the butcher did not have four aces. The butcher paid all he had in the world to find out what Sonnenburg's confidence card was."

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TERMS OF THE TIMES.

Published Every Day in the Year.

SENT BY CARRIERS	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER WEEK	20
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER MONTH	35
BY MAIL, POST PAID:	
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER MONTH	25
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER QUARTER	2.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, PER YEAR	9.00
SUNDAY, PER QUARTER	2.00
WEEKLY MIRROR, PER YEAR	2.00

THE TIMES OWNS THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT FOR A MORNING REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER TO PUBLISH IN LOS ANGELES THE NEWS OF THE NIGHT REPORTS OF THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS (REACHING THE WESTERN ASSOCIATED PRESS) THE GREATEST NEWS-GATHERING ORGANIZATION IN EXISTENCE. ITS RAMIFICATIONS EXTEND THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED GLOBE, IN ITS CABLE CONNECTIONS AND CONNECTIONS WITH THE DAILY NEWS, HAVARD AND WOLFF NEWS AGENTS OF EUROPE, OURS NEWS FRANCHISE IS FOR A LONG TERM OF TIME.

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TIMES-MIRROR TELEPHONES.
Business Office No. 29
Editorial Rooms No. 674
Times-Mirror Printing House No. 458

Address
The Times-Mirror Company,
TIME BUILDING,
Los Angeles, Cal

ENTERED AT POSTOFFICE AS 2D-CLASS MATTER.

The Times

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.
H. G. OTIS,
President and General Manager,
W. A. SPALDING, A. MCFARLAND,
Vice-President, Treasurer,
MARIAN OTIS, Secretary.

VOL. XVIII. No. 55

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE.
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Persons who are unable to procure THE TIMES at any news agency or upon any railroad train will confer a favor by reporting the fact to this office.

In the article of yesterday, "The Anglo-German Treaty," the number, "fourteen years," should have read 1814. It was in that year that Heligoland was ceded by Denmark to England. (Treaty of Kiel.)

UNDER the caption of "The Republican Stronghold," the Examiner recently had an editorial on the big Republican majority of Los Angeles county two years ago, in the course of which it made the following admission:

The result in the State this fall will largely depend on whether this Republican majority can be held. If Los Angeles and its offshoot, Orange, are good for 37000 Republican majority, with a couple of thousand more from San Diego and San Bernardino, which usually follow Los Angeles, the Democrats have got to have 57000 majority somewhere north of Tehachapi to make good a claim to control the legislature.

A CORRESPONDENT in Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us a clipping from the New York World containing some unfavorable remarks about the climate of California made by W. H. Crane, the actor. Our correspondent, who has spent a couple of years in this State, is quite indignant at the misrepresentation, and compares our climate with that of Brooklyn, very much to the disadvantage of the latter place. As Mr. Crane's ill-natured remarks have been done full justice to by the San Francisco press and as our climate is good enough to stand on its own merits, we shall not give that gentleman any more free advertising here. If he prefers New York to California, let him stay there.

AMONG the rapidly-growing cities of the country there are none more remarkable than those young giants of the Northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis, the so-called "twin cities" of Minnesota. These twins, however, entertain a most bitter hatred of each other, and the jealousy takes on all sorts of remarkable forms. Their attempts to outdo each other in the census returns has just compelled the Secretary of the Interior to order a recount of the population in both cities. It appears that in Minneapolis there was a widespread organized conspiracy for inflating the census. In St. Paul there were numerous illegal additions, but no organized fraud, as far as known. The twin cities will now have to try some new dodge to head of each other. How would it do for them to see which can get up the biggest cyclone?

JUSTICE IN THE MIRE.

Our recent remarks upon the justice courts of this city appear to have struck a popular chord, the only objection thereto being that they were not strong enough.

As far as Justice Austin and his court are concerned, our reference thereto was confined to the specific case which we mentioned. As to the two other courts, it is difficult to characterize them as sufficiently temperate language. To say that they are a disgrace to the city is but to state a fact which is admitted by all who have had the misfortune to come in frequent contact with them. It has gone so far that reputable lawyers are very averse to trying cases before them. The personnel of these courts, from justice to deputy constable, appear to be combined, not to further the ends of justice, but to extort as much money as possible from litigants. It is with considerable trepidation that cash bail is put up, as its recovery is frequently a matter of difficulty. The prevailing tone in these courts suggests a social club rather than a hall of justice, unseemly levity between judge, clerk, and constables being so common as to arouse no comment. The first question which arises in the mind of the lawyer who has a case before these courts is not as to the strength of his client's case, but whether the other side has any "pull" with the bench.

The climax to this disgraceful state of affairs was reached a few days ago, when one of these justices was arrested on a charge of forgery. After a hurried trial, during which he told two varying stories, he was discharged—exonerated under color of law, but not in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. Damron, who was a co-defendant with him, was held and placed under bail, which he forfeited and went into hiding. This man Damron had been a constant practitioner before Lockwood, and it was a matter of common remark that it availed little to have a case in that court, when Damron represented the other side. Damron was discovered and arrested in a vacant room, adjoining, or close to, Lockwood's apartments. This, of itself, was very suspicious, but there would have been no proof against Lockwood had not that person himself, with immeasurable and incomprehensible hardness, calmly acknowledged, while chatting to his courthouse chums, that he had sheltered the fugitive felon. He not only freely admitted this, but said he would do the same for any other friend, under similar circumstances, and seemed really to think he had performed a very laudable deed!

Here we have a justice of the peace sheltering from the law, which he has sworn to administer, a fugitive from justice, charged with a crime in which he himself has been implicated, and then openly in his own court, before the officials of that court, boasting of the part which he had played! Was ever a more outrageous case known in the history of modern jurisprudence? This man must actually be morally blind. He cannot distinguish between right and wrong. And yet, for the past eighteen months, he has sat upon a bench in this city, drawn a salary, and administered "justice"—save the mark! Great God! what a frightful mockery.

The proper place of Mr. "Justice" Lockwood is at the bar of the court, not on the bench. If he has the slightest regard for official propriety and public opinion he will at once hand in his resignation, rather than wait for fresh odium and further degradation, which are sure to be his portion. The spectacle of a man under bonds for a criminal offense dispensing justice from the bench would be too much, even for the stomachs of Angelinos, who have grown accustomed to the part which he had played!

On the beach today, we notice the result of the recent primaries in San Francisco, Santa Clara and elsewhere indicates that Col. Markham is in the lead, and he will probably be the Republican nominee for Governor. McKenna will undoubtedly be renominated for Congress.—[Oakland Examiner.]

H. H. Markham's strength is increasing every day. He is now assured of the solid vote of Southern California in the Republican State Convention. His strength in San Francisco is developing rapidly and it is thought that at the present moment he may come out of that city with strong support. Chipman of Red Bluff and W. W. Morrow are also candidates. It is highly probable, however, that W. W. Morrow may withdraw from the race and become a candidate for United States Senator. He could be certain of the solid support of Southern California.—[San Bernardino Times-Index.]

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GRAND ARMY.

Col. Smedberg the West's Candidate for Alger's Place.

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LITTLE DANGER OF WAR WITH ENGLAND.

There is little serious danger of war with England over the matter of the seal fisheries. In the present conduct of British affairs it must always be borne in mind that these are the closing days of a Conservative or Tory government.

The Republicans and Democrats of the United States have no comparison whatever to the marked class difference which exists between the Liberal and Conservative ranks in English politics. The sympathies and interests of the Liberal party—embracing all outside of the aristocratic class, and

those who gain a living by adherence to it—are closely, warmly interwoven with those of this country.

The occasionally diametrical opposition of the inclinations of this aristocratic minority to those of the bulk of the English people has been unpleasantly apparent before now. It was this titled sympathy with the South during the time of the war which gave rise to the Alabama claims, and has left a lingering feeling of soreness in the minds of many Americans. Whereas, the truth really was that the entire trading, manufacturing and agricultural classes—precisely the classes corresponding to those in line of battle on the northern side—were, throughout the whole struggle, in a prolonged condition of keen, anxious interest for the success of the Union.

Present indications all point to an approaching resumption of power by the Liberal party—the Grand Old Man again at the helm. Mr. Gladstone has lived long enough to outgrow a patriotism bounded by the confines of the British Isles. The Anglo-Saxon English speaking race is that with which he claims indissoluble kinship.

There is about as much likelihood that the English nation will permit this wordy warfare to develop into an actual conflict with the United States as there is of its sanctioning a declaration of war against all Europe at once.

A SYNDICATE of a peculiar character was formed about a year ago, commencing its operations in Oregon, to secure low rates from railroad companies and then runs trainloads of people into the particular locality chosen. It buys and bonds real estate and divides the commission in various ways, furnishing to real-estate agents and others a list of names of persons whom it will bring, the commissions derived from the sale of lands to those persons being divided between the syndicate and those making the sale. The syndicate also receives a percentage on the fares from the railroad company. In this manner it claims to have sold \$71,000 worth of property in Helena, Mont., in four days. Representatives of the syndicate are now at Fresno, looking over the ground. This appears to be quite the latest systematization of the booming business.

It is gratifying to know that our large and growing fruit industry is doing good to others besides the producers and shippers. In the great fruit-growing regions of Yolo and Solano counties white boys and girls are rapidly replacing the Chinamen. During the past few weeks as many as a thousand boys and girls have been employed in the orchards of those counties. The same is, to a great extent, true in this section, in our berry patches, canneries and orchards, although not to such an extent and might and should be. Our fruit bins and the preserving of the crops will soon offer employment to all the surplus labor of the State all the year round, from the orange crop, ending in March, to the gathering of early berries in April. Moreover, it is a healthy employment, far preferable to the close labor in stifling eastern factories.

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Here we have a justice of the peace sheltering from the law, which he has sworn to administer, a fugitive from justice, charged with a crime in which he himself has been implicated, and then openly in his own court, before the officials of that court, boasting of the part which he had played! Was ever a more outrageous case known in the history of modern jurisprudence? This man must actually be morally blind. He cannot distinguish between right and wrong. And yet, for the past eighteen months, he has sat upon a bench in this city, drawn a salary, and administered "justice"—save the mark! Great God! what a frightful mockery.

The proper place of Mr. "Justice" Lockwood is at the bar of the court, not on the bench. If he has the slightest regard for official propriety and public opinion he will at once hand in his resignation, rather than wait for fresh odium and further degradation, which are sure to be his portion. The spectacle of a man under bonds for a criminal offense dispensing justice from the bench would be too much, even for the stomachs of Angelinos, who have grown accustomed to the part which he had played!

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

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SANTA MONICA.

Thousands of People on the Beach.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

All of the Hotels Filled to Their Utmost Capacity—Some of the Prominent Visitors—Notes.

SANTA MONICA, July 27.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Santa Monica has witnessed many large crowds, but never any that approached the vast concourse of people who came down today to witness the balloon ascension and parachute jump. They came down in every known vehicle of transportation, and the rails were kept hot with specials to accommodate the grand rush to the seashore, and long before the ascension there were fully fifteen thousand, who, in order to have a bath before the ascension in the afternoon, made a grand rush on the bathhouses for suits, and so anxious were they to be accommodated at once that they almost took possession of the various bathing establishments, in many cases insisting on going behind the counters to help themselves. That every sixth was used many times over, it faintly expresses the scramble for suitable apparel to enjoy a plunge in the ocean, the surf being literally black with bathers.

At 2 o'clock the hour appointed for the ascension: the crowd began to congregate in the neighborhood of the spot selected, and by 2 p.m. every available

balloon was filled with anxious visitors. At 2:15 word was given to let go by Prof. Baldwin, and the balloon gracefully ascended in an easterly direction until the Professor, who, having climbed the webbing, which was thirty-five feet long, and made a couple of turns on the trapeze, became a mere speck in the heavens. Just as the crowd began to get nervous the parachute left the balloon and shot down safely 200 feet and then opened out into the umbrella-like parachute and gently descended, and the figure on the parachute seemed totally oblivious of the perilous.

Immediately after the jump the crowd went to the beach, and the onslaught on the bathhouses was greater than ever, and it seemed for an hour or two as if there was no limit to their importunate demands for suits. One man who could not get a suit of proper dimensions to fit his portly figure borrowed a duster and started for the surf, much to the delight of the small boys, who yelled after him, "Where did you get that duster?" but perfectly oblivious to all, he bathed in his duster and said he enjoyed the bath.

The hotels were uncomfortably full all day, and the unfortunates were packed into the hungry throng. The resorts where King Gambrinus reigns also besieged with anxious visitors after German milk. The phonograph was liberally patronized by the numerous gathering.

The following were noticed on the beach: Col. E. E. Howitt,

STAGE TONES.

Coming Attractions at the Opera-house.

"THE SHATCHEN" TOMORROW.

The Palmer Company Booked—Mary Anderson and the Newspaper Men—Marcus Mayer and His Bet.

Tomorrow night at the Grand Opera house the first performance in Los Angeles will be given of the new Jewish play, *The Shatchen*, otherwise The Marriage-Broker, that being the translation of the Hebrew word forming the title of the piece. It is announced as an original comedy by Henry Dobbin and Charles Dickson—otherwise the brothers Dobbin; Charles having taken the name of Dickson for stage purposes. He is an actor in this company and has also achieved considerable success in other combinations. He will be chiefly remembered here as the juvenile lover in *The Wife*, and also as taking an excellent part of somewhat similar kind in *A Possible Case*.

The Argonaut tells a story of his first appearance some years ago at Niblo's, when he was a supernumerary in a war drama. His father, a Jewish merchant, brought a crowd of friends to the opening performance, prepared to see a youthful prodigy in his son. But a large part of the play passed. The son rarely appeared on the stage, and did nothing even then, save to hold a musket wide side foremost. At last, toward the end of the third act, goaded by the taunts of his friends, the old gentleman rose in his seat and shouted at the top of his voice: "Sharlie, my boy, for God's sake do something. Shoot de gun off."

"Sharlie" has made rapid strides in his profession since then, and has established a reputation as a talented representative of juvenile parts. In addition to this he is trying to make a name as an author, though exactly how far he or his brother are entitled to credit for originality in the plot of *The Shatchen* may be open to question. It is quite possible that a play which was performed some five years ago at the Hebrew Theater in New York city, and which had for its principal character the very marriage broker now put forward as the "Shatchen," may have furnished the idea and the plot. The Hebrew piece was very successful, and it seems strange that its connection with the present play should have been overlooked by the New York critics.

M. B. Curtis who takes the title role in *The Shatchen* is well-known here for his laughable personation of Jewish characters of the eccentric type, and has often afforded amusement enough in his rôle for whole evenings. The cast is also greatly strengthened by the addition of Frank Mordaunt, concerning whom, Music and Drama expresses surprise that he does not re-enter the field of stellar attractions. The compliment to Mr. Mordaunt is well deserved, but it is presumed that he appreciates the enjoyment of a regular and liberal stipend in preference to embarking in the sea of troubles incident to the career of a star. One of the chief hindrances to the keeping up of any good supporting company is, that just as soon as any member of it gets a certain amount of praise from the press he or she is thereby incited to run alone and take the road as a star, provided the backer can be found. The mistake is usually discovered too late, when the money being all gone, the would-be star finds "how hard it is to climb the embattled steep where Fame's high temple shines afar."

The performance of *The Shatchen* tomorrow night will no doubt be well worth seeing.

The San Francisco papers have little but praise for the performances of the A. M. Palmer Company now being given in that city, and the public expectation here is being worked up in anticipation of the pleasure of witnessing the refined and finished presentations of the plays in their popular repertory. The opening takes place August 11th, at the Grand Opera-house, and arrangements are being perfected by the advance agent, Mr. Morrissey, for the running of theater trains to the seashore and all outside places where sufficient subscribers can be procured.

Soubrettes seem to be more plentiful this year than they have ever been before, and not a few of them are in sore distress because a certain feminine theatrical agent will employ none of them except they are accomplished "flip-flopers," or, in other words, able to turn a "cart-wheel." This seems to be the latest requirement for farce-comedy work, and the soubrette who cannot flip-flop is consequently in the consomme.

The paragrapher finds it hard to let go of Mary Anderson and her belongings. It has been broadly intimated that she was driven off the stage on account of the mental worry brought on by the persistent interviewer and the unscrupulous itemizer. Her attempt at privacy in the celebration of her marriage was nearly frustrated, and now the complexion and other attributes of her husband are being widely discussed, and guesses are made as to how many months it will be before "Our Mary" is again on the stage. The latest atrocity is of the pictorial kind, evidently imaginary, and purporting to represent the wedding party leaving the church. The salient points of the picture are that it shows Mr. Navarro is so far out of the fashion as to wear creases down the front of his trousers, and that his bride holds him apparently at arm's length, as if she were mentally saying, "To this complexion have I come at last."

Marcus Mayer has left Henry Abby and is going into management on his own account. Marcus, by way of advertising himself, goes a bet with J. C. Williamson, the Australian manager, that he would be in Paris, at a certain café, on the 24th inst., at a hour agreed. The particulars of the bet were published at great length in the San Francisco and other papers. The eating of twenty-four dinners on twenty-four consecutive days, at the rate of \$750 per diem, appears to have been the chief penalty. The Parisian café was to be cleaned out, as it were, and anticipations of a lively kind were indulged in by the scribe of the San Francisco Call who figured everything down to a fine point, and summed up the net cost of the bet at \$17,280.

Music and Drama now states on the authority of a cablegram that Marcus reached London at noon on the day it was, according to the other papers, stipulated he should reach Paris; but

Music and Drama claims that the bet of \$10,000 has been thereby won. It has been a very cheap advertisement for the astute Hebrew manager, and if he has lost his bet it will not likely cost him more than a case of wine, at the outside.

Miss Mamie Short, the elocutionist, so well and favorably known in Los Angeles, and who went East about a year ago, has now concluded to go upon the stage for which it appears she always had a strong predilection. After a special course of study in New York, where she was given exceptional advantages on account of her evident talent, she has obtained an engagement as leading support to Marie Hubert Frohman, and will appear with her in a repertory, the chief piece being the new play, entitled *The Witch*. It is stated that Manager Frohman has invested a large amount in the scenery and costumes for *The Witch*, and it is expected to prove a great attraction. Miss Short has been rebaptized for her theatrical career, and will henceforth be known as "Marion" instead of "Mamie," due to the esthetic prejudices of her new manager.

During the time the majority of our well-known actresses are playing tag with their lives in banting, a number of our leading young men are in heaven and earth to acquire a few pounds of additional flesh. John T. Sullivan attempts it by eating a pot of Boston baked beans at every meal, Roland Reed is trying a mush and milk diet, Edwin Adams believes in milk with a dash of Jamaica rum, Tom Murphy in the rum without the milk. Nat Goodwin in lots of ale, Steele Mackaye in elaborate dinners, and Scanlon in lots of Irish potatoes. Sol Smith Russell has tried everything on earth, but grows thinner as he gets richer.—Dramatic Mirror.

While we have in America real burglars, real prize-fighters and a couple of real thieves on the stage, Berlin manager has gone one better by producing a melodrama called *The Executioner of Berlin*, for the title role of which he engaged the real government executioner. Emperor William, however, nipped the enterprise in the bud by forbidding the cheerful official from turning into a real actor.

Notes.

Kate Castleton has a new play for next season by Mrs. C. A. Doremus. She will open with it at Racine, Wis., September 1st.

John T. Sullivan is sick, and has gone home to Detroit.

When Fay Tempton attempts to appear before the public in this country she appears to do it appears that she may encounter some legal difficulties on account of an unfulfilled and unexpired contract with E. E. Rice, which she threw up without any notice when she skipped off with Howell Osborne. It seems that Rice wants \$5000 to soothe his wounded feelings, and to pay for his losses caused by the fair Fay's abrupt desertion.

Nat Goodwin's recent production of *A Gold Mine* at the Gaiety Theater, London, appears to have been successful.

Dorothy Rosemore was to make her appearance at a benefit performance last night at San Francisco, where she was to enact "Romeo" to the "Juliet" of Lillian Lamson, a California debutante, who is going to England to complete her studies. "Dot's" first appearance in tights will no doubt have been largely honored by the gilded youth of the Bay City.

Agnes Huntington is to have a theater built for her in London by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She is to take possession as soon as her American tour under Marcus Mayer's management is completed.

Archie Gordon has sold to Stuart Robson a new comedy, called *A Natural*, which will be produced next season.

Bob Hilliard threatens to bring a libel suit against the Sun, but will probably think better of it.

McKee Rankin will play the part of a French Canadian in the new piece entitled *The Canuck*, which is to be brought out next season. He wants it understood that he has made the character a life-long study, and that the dialect he uses is not broken French, but French-Canadian. A critic asks that he supplement this information by letting the public know what dialect he used when he played "Macbeth." This is cruel.

Jennie Metzler has been engaged for the season by the Tivoli management of San Francisco, and will make her first appearance in that house as "Serafina" in *The Vice-Admiral* to-night.

The readers of the New York Saturday Review have no doubt been informed that Miss Eliza Proctor Otis is now in London, accompanied by her amiable and popular mother. The ladies are stopping at the Savoy, D'Oyle Carte's grand new hotel on the Victoria embankment. Miss Otis remains abroad until October, and expects by that time to have seen the London season flourish, fade and fall, and to have obtained a glimpse of the continent as well. Her reputation as an amateur actress has preceded her, and London artistic circles will be disappointed if they do not see Miss Otis in some of her charming impersonations.—[Olive Logan, London letter, July 9th.]

CASSIS.
The Cause of a Spring-street Drug-gist's Prosperity.

A young Spring-street druggist was last week amazingly surprised at the sudden increase in his soda-water business, and as most of his new customers were ladies it was several days before he discovered the cause. It appears that when he opened his fountain he labeled one of the syrup receptacles "cassis," and to attract customers he told a number of his intimate friends of the male persuasion that the Latin name was *spiritus frumenti*, and to govern themselves accordingly. The boys "caught on" amazingly, and as the young druggist is himself a good judge of whisky and kept a first-class article, the fountain soon became amazingly popular. Early last week a new boy was engaged to manipulate the "fizz," who had not been initiated into the mystery of "cassis." In the course of an hour or two a couple of ladies came in, and accidentally noticing the new syrup, concluded to forego vanilla and cream for once, and squander 10 cents to gratify their curiosity. The result was surprising. After a few sips the glasses were emptied, and the ladies left the store. That evening they returned, and promptly called for "cassis." The next day the ladies returned, accompanied by one or two others, and by a singular coincidence all wanted "cassis." From that time up to the present there has been a constant and steady increase in patronage, and the young druggist bids fair to become a wealthy man before the heating term is over, unless the ladies find out that it is plain whisky, or the revenue of his profits intertere.

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THE RAILROADS.

Biggest Sunday Business on Record.

THE RUSH TO THE SEASHORE.

Latest Points in Regard to the Santa Fe's Northern Extension—At Work in the Tejon Pass.

Yesterday was a big day in railroad circles in both passenger and freight traffic. All of the local lines to the seacoast were kept busy from 8 a.m. until night. Trains were made up at the Wolfkill depot to accommodate the immense crowds who hurried from all parts of the city in street cars and carriages to the depot, regardless of time-tables, and seemed to think the railroad people would be ready for them. Cars and coaches of all kinds were pressed into service, and several of the special trains that pulled out presented a singular appearance, but the people had to go, and the railroads did the best they could for them. Several old Central Pacific cars that have not been in use for years were carted out, dusted up and filled to overflowing with men, women and children anxious to get out of the heated city for a few hours. All classes of people boarded the trains, and, strange to say, the excursionists behaved themselves in a manner that would put almost any Sunday picnic crowd in the world to shame. Drunken men were so scarce that it was almost impossible to find a single one, according to statements made by special officers who go out with each special train, there was not a single row or disturbance of any kind.

It was impossible last night to tell how many people left the city, for pleasure resorts, as the ticket sellers have not yet made their returns; but it is estimated by passenger men that between fifteen and twenty thousand people purchased tickets yesterday, and almost all of them were return trips. One of the oldest passenger men on the Southern Pacific stated to a TIMES reporter last night that yesterday was by far the biggest day of the season.

I never saw anything like it since I came down here, and I am convinced from the way people turned out yesterday that Los Angeles is not a busted community as many people would have us believe. When almost half the population of a city can turn out, and spend from two dollars to ten dollars a head for Sunday pleasure, business is good. This is proof positive that Los Angeles is a prosperous city, and the next time I hear any one talking about the bottom having dropped out, or words to that effect, I shall strike him, if he is not too big."

FREIGHT BUSINESS.
Freight business was better yesterday than it has been for a long time past. The Southern Pacific sent out three big sunset specials for the East loaded down with Southern California products, and the Santa Fé started four to Chicago. This is by far the biggest east-bound business that has been done in one day for a long time past. The west-bound business yesterday was good also, and the freight men are feeling better than they have felt for a couple of months past.

NOTES.
The local trains to San Juan were crowded with Union League men and politicians yesterday.

All of the overland trains were on time yesterday, notwithstanding the heavy rains in Arizona and New Mexico.

SANTA FE GOING NORTH.

Saturday's Examiner says:

Several reconnoitering parties of surveyors are still actively at work in the Tejon Pass, and the work is progressing in the interest of the Atchison, doing preliminary work for its much-talked-of San Francisco extension. Some weeks ago a survey was run from Rogers, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific, to the southern entrance of the pass, and a line projected to the same point. The surveyors now in the pass are continuing the work by running a preliminary line from the junction of the two surveys at the southern entrance clear through the pass into the San Joaquin Valley. It is said that this job will take 100 days to complete, and that after it is accomplished it will require a good deal more time to make final surveys so as to get proper grades and an estimate of cost for a road through the pass.

People conversant with the topography of that portion of the State say that there are only two easy and really cheap ways of building a railroad into the San Joaquin Valley from the south. One of these ways is the Tehachapi Pass, now occupied by the Southern Pacific road; the other is the Tejon Pass. It is considered a debatable question as to which is the best of the two, except that the northern slope of the Tejon is steeper than the Tehachapi. The elevation of the two passes is the same, about four thousand and twenty-five feet.

THE TWO PASSES.
The Southern Pacific selected Tehachapi Pass, partly because it was thought to be the best and partly because it was within the limits of the land grant, and because a road through it was in a line that was formerly a road for pack mules from the Mojave with the Atlantic and Pacific. This grade, which is considered feasible in the Tehachapi, is 116 feet to the mile, as a matter of fact a grade of sixty-eight feet to the mile is considered feasible in both passes. The Southern Pacific had an idea at first of establishing a grade of sixty-eight feet to the mile in the Tehachapi, making a survey for that purpose. It was finally abandoned, however, when it was found that the saving in the operation of a road on a 68-foot grade over a 116-foot grade did not in any sense justify the excessive outlay of the former as compared with a road of 116 feet to the mile.

An entrance into the San Joaquin Valley from the east or east of Fresno or Visalia, is pronounced impracticable for the reason that the elevation is from 12,000 to 13,000 feet to the south of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and any story to the effect that the Union Pacific will extend its line into California in that way for its Pacific extension is considered sheer nonsense.

STICKS TO SNOW SHEDS.
The Southern Pacific Company is not going to part company with its snow sheds in

the Sierra Nevada Mountains, notwithstanding all the talk of last winter about the efficacy of cyclone and rotary plows to keep the mountain tracks freed of snow. The company had today 500 men at work in the snow sheds, and is continuing the work of shelling, part of which includes the rebuilding of the sheds at the Cascade that were burnt down last summer, and where was located one of the greatest spots of last winter's blockade. The cost of the work will be about \$100,000.

One of the company's officers, in speaking about the snow sheds yesterday, said: "They represent today 200,000,000 feet of lumber and an expense of fully \$3,000,000. It cost about \$2,000,000 to build them in the first place and some \$1,000,000 to keep them in repair during the winter months. The money they have cost would build houses for a town of 6000 people, each house costing \$3000 and six people to a house."

The Canadian Pacific has about seven miles of snow sheds, and in the five or six years since it began a through line it paid an expense for five snow sheds of \$3,000,000. The figures in this expense, however, the cost of a road outside its snow sheds that is used for summer travel.

Excursion to Boston and Return—\$10 for the Round Trip.

A special first-class excursion to Boston and return is to be made on July 28th, via Sacramento and Portland. Tickets good 6 days. The Northern Pacific R.R. has been selected by the Northern Pacific R.R. to be the official excursionists.

These rates are open to the public. Stops will be made at Portland, Tacoma, Spokane Falls, Pullman, Pullman, and other towns en route to Boston without change. Address N.P. ticket agents or T. K. Stater, Passenger Agent N.W.R.R., 638 Market street, S. F.

RHODES & KEES, Electric and Supply Company.

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Removal and Change of Hands

on the Los Angeles Fisherman's Market, with S. N. Coletti as manager. Located at 261 MAIN STREET. Telephone 372. Fresh fish and low prices.

Electrical Supply Company.

Electric Bells, Burglar Alarms, Announcers, Electric Gas Lighting, Builders' Hardware, Tools, etc. Electric Lighting. Telephone 771 BURDICK BLK, Second and Spring.

EVERE Loyal CALIFORNIA

ought to buy the California Brand Condensed Milk. Its purity is guaranteed.

DR. BLIZA M. MILLER has removed his office and residence to 1012 Temple street Rochester.

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO

Coronado, San Diego County.

With its magnificent appointments and genial atmosphere, is without exception the most delightful and enjoyable place for health, recreation, many sports or, if needed, perfect rest to be found either on

SATURDAY'S EXCURSIONS to Coronado leave Los Angeles at 8:15 a.m. returning at 4 p.m. Monday. Tickets, including 2½ days' board and room at the hotel, \$11, for sale at 123 North Spring St., corner Franklin, Los Angeles.

Unclassified.

SMOKE

The Celebrated

ESTRELLA

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

Worry, Wexation and Wattles.
LOS ANGELES, July 22.—To the Editor of THE TIMES. I have reason to believe that a very large proportion of our people are to a greater or smaller degree interested in every thing pertaining to tree growing. The number of our beautiful city homes and country seats give evidence of this more conclusively than any amount of affirmation or argument upon this point could demonstrate; and I was therefore impressed with the idea that my recent notes upon wattles and tan bark trees would excite enough interest among tree-planters and tree-lovers to stimulate a general move in this direction. In selecting THE TIMES as the vehicle for the communication of information which I desired in the interest of the whole State should have much publicity, I was influenced by an incident that occurred some months ago, which gave me an unpleasant (?) realization of its circulation.

A four-line notice appeared in what would be called an inconspicuous corner of your two papers (THE TIMES and the WEEKLY MIRROR), containing what happened to be (through no fault of THE TIMES) a misrepresentation of fact.

Inquiries began to pour in upon me in reference to this item from everywhere, until an average of fifty-two letters a day for nearly three weeks was reached, I meantime firing out corrections to all the newspapers in the State. All in vain, the odious little clipping kept dropping in from Eureka, Lower California; Visalia, N.M.; Oshkosh, Wis., and from places not down on the maps, nor in the post-office directory. I replied to the TIMES office, demanding instant redress, but instead of comfort was coldly confronted with the advertising rates. I knew of no other way to "even up" for the insult and put out in postage, on that occasion, except by handing the item over to your readers Cloundsberg, Windville, Jagtown, Starshine and other enterprising centers. Truly yours,

WILLIAM S. LYON.

Clean Streets in London.

LOS ANGELES, July 22.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] London is famous for her clean streets, and yet no city in the world is so crowded with horses. Eighteen thousand cab horses, two hundred omnibus lines, unrivaled private equipages and the enormous business traffic make her principal streets a spectacle never forgotten by the traveler; yet the asphalt pavement is as clean as a roller-coating floor. This is mainly accomplished by the simple means of a dust-pan and brush. The sharp-eyed boys employed dodge about and swiftly gather up the filth on sight and run with it to the tall green boxes, about four feet high by eighteen inches square, with a lid at the top and a door at the bottom, which are placed at convenient distances along the curb. At night the boxes are emptied, the streets are washed and swept, and the next day the great procession moves on, always at a smart trot, except when brought to a dead stop by the upraised hand of the Queen's Own—no dust or nuisance of any kind underfoot.

Los Angeles should be a model American city in cleanliness and squalor. She cannot afford to be otherwise, for she is a resort for health-seekers, as well as people of wealth and refinement, who would enjoy her unrivaled climate but who will not endure unnecessary evils. Her great opportunities should not be marred by the impressions which are continually spreading her reputation abroad, and which nothing can control save an active, thoughtful attention to the peculiarities of her needs and situation. She needs to become famous. She can be so, and let it be a fame which will retain all we have, and draw hither friends and home-seekers from all the world.

Mr. Kearney and the Red Rag.

LOS ANGELES, July 22, 1890.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] A few days ago the Courier of San Bernardino came out with a tirade against the English company at the tin mines of Temescal for having hoisted the British flag over their works, unaccompanied by Uncle Sam's so-called emblem.

We sympathise with the editor of that paper and know that he has not time to look up all the affairs of like nature that are going wrong and suggest that he would favor us with a few statistics in regard to the mineral output of his county, who the owners of the principal mines are, what the profits are, where the products of those mines ultimately go, and how much of it stops in San Bernardino county. Also, if the present Governor of the State did not employ unnaturalized foreigners to the exclusion of native born miners to work a mine previous to his election as Lieutenant-Governor. Also, if he did not at that time throw the responsibility upon his partner, Mr. Porter. Also, if more than nine-tenths of the men at present employed by the Governor at his mines near Julian are not unnaturalized foreigners. Perhaps it would be well also, for him to copy some of the Mexican mining laws, that compel mine owners to employ an equal number of native miners, or relinquish the possession of their mines, and get them inserted in our laws.

MINER.

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle." RAMONA, July 25.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] Passing through the San Gabriel Valley, I saw, looming in the distance, a structure of no ordinary dimensions. Wishing to take cognizance of every interesting feature of this privileged spot of both Nature and art, as I passed by the newly laid out grounds of the building, I ventured to solicit admission. The courteous, kindly reception tendered me made me free to inquire into the aim of the institution, its methods of teaching, curriculum of study, etc., and the result of these inquiries was convincing. Here, be thought me, is the proper place for the child to be trained into the refined, cultured young lady, and, as a natural consequence, to see her develop later into the noble and cultured woman. Away from the tumult of the city, which is such a favorable condition for study, and breathing in the pure air of the country—a rare physical boon—the mind is naturally charmed by Nature's lovely surroundings, taste is unconsciously developed, while the soul is elevated by refined and chastened influences. What more could we desire for our daughters, whose great mission is to raise the moral structure of society? for, says a well-known writer, "the hand that rocks the cradle governs the world."

OVERTURE.

Is it a Job?
LOS ANGELES, July 24.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] I am one of a number of people who live on Hope street, north of Sixth, and we all have come to the conclusion to be heard through your valuable paper, that is if

you will give a little space for this communication.

One of our neighbors, wishing to have a sewer put in on this street, got up a petition stating that he had a good contractor that would put in an eight-inch sewer for 60 cents per foot, 30 cents for each side. We all signed. All good so far, the petition went in and about six months it was passed. Bids were called for when this man's contract could not be found.

The contract was let for 90 cents, 45 cents per foot each side. All good so far. Now comes the rub. For two hundred and seventy-five feet of sewer the contingent fees amount to \$86. Is it any wonder the people kick? This is not all. This part of Hope street was washed out and left in a horrible condition from last winter's flood; we have been to the Council, the Board of Public Works and the Street Superintendent. It does no good. What shall we do? We, one and all, call on you through your paper to blow them up.

[Let the order issue.—ED.]

Redondo Beach.

REDONDO BEACH, July 27.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] An immense crowd came down by both roads, twenty-four cars fully filled and crowded by the Santa Fe. The last train returning over this line will be a large one, for so many will wait until then on account of enjoying the marine attractions. One hundred and fifty fish poles were in use by men, women and children, and the throng upon the beach were curious and their attention was attracted by the good luck of all. Many parties would be counting how many fish poles were in use, while others would be counting the number of fish caught in five minutes. One made a count of one hundred and eighty-two, another of one hundred and eighty-four, so the difference was so small that the decision was one hundred and eighty-three. Several sailing boats were out with parties for a sail. The Pelican was in use all day. Fifty cents gives a person a great ride upon the Pacific. She can accommodate fifty persons with all comfort in the world to Catalina Island and return for a day's trip. She makes the trip very often.

The bathhouse could not have done any better, for it was crowded to its full capacity; bathing was indulged in from early morning until late evening. The water was delightfully fine.

The Redondo Beach line was crowded on every train all day, and Hotel Redondo did a splendid business, feeding more for dinner than any previous Sunday.

The new track put out on, or beside, the wharf is a great improvement and saves a great amount of labor, as freight can be loaded and unloaded from the car to the steamer without having to be trucked by small hand trucks.

The Redondo Beach Company has also erected on the wharf a large pair of Fairbanks scales.

The windmill for pumping salt water from the ocean is more and more appreciated.

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THE TIMES IN PASADENA.

The advantage to residents of Pasadena in buying THE TIMES consists in the fact that they not only get in its columns the news of their own city every day, but also the news of Los Angeles, of the State, the Coast, the East and the world.

The paper is served regularly by carrier, at an early hour every morning, to the residences and business places of citizens, at the same price charged in Los Angeles.

The Times.

BRANCH OFFICE, NO. 26½ E. COLORADO ST.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

READ in the next column how to support a wife on \$30 a month.

ALTHOUGH a large number of extra copies of THE TIMES were brought to Pasadena yesterday, the supply was exhausted before noon. THE TIMES is the people's paper.

A FOOTRACE between such sprinters as C. W. Bell and W. H. Syme, and a trotting-race between two horses as speedy as Post Boy and Tom have proved themselves to be, are events worth going miles to see. And this is what hundreds of people will do next Saturday afternoon.

AN EXCHANGE says that "roads are among the 'signs of civilization, or among the best of its products,'" and we agree with it. Even old Rome knew this and built great highways all over its provinces with the imperial city as a central terminus, and ever since then the index to a country's civilization is found in the condition of its roads. What a monument to barbarism then is the highway that connects this city with Los Angeles. It is sad, very sad, that a road, traveled as this one is in winter and summer, should be allowed to get into its present condition. Those who drive over it the most say it is "the worst road in the county," and these people ought to know. Cannot something be done, or does our sole chance of deliverance depend on the opening of the ever-coming but still uncertain Eagle Rock boulevard?

BREVITIES.

Rev. E. L. Conger will go to Long Beach today.

The Sunday visitors were not as numerous as usual yesterday.

Dr. Raddebaugh and W. R. Staats return from Redondo this morning.

Some alterations are being made in the interior of the Eldredge block.

The usual Y.M.C.A. meeting was held yesterday afternoon in Strong's Hall. It was led by L. E. Barnhart.

J. W. Poller and daughter returned from Catalina Saturday evening. They report a delightful stay on the island.

Rev. S. A. Gardner of Massachusetts preached an eloquent sermon yesterday morning before the Universalist congregation.

Rev. Dr. Bresser preached yesterday morning in the Methodist Church on "Man's Divine Environment." His evening subject was "Sunrise on Calvary."

The pulpit of the Christian Church was filled at the morning service by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Wood. His subject was "The Office of the Holy Spirit." There was no evening service.

SUMMER NOTES.

Catalina continues the happy summer hunting grounds for goats. Barley Flats is the place for bears.

This week a Republican club will be organized here. The members will take it easy until Markham is nominated, and then begin work in earnest.

Today the crowds of Sunday excursionists will flock back from the shore, sunburnt and hardy, and go to work with a will to save up enough money to repeat the trip.

Russet leather shoes are not as much worn as formerly. They are being superseded by dark red Russia leather, fitted simply to the foot and as plainly and perfectly made as possible.

The majority of physicians are now agreed that sterilized milk is the best summer food for infants. The simplest and best method of sterilization is by boiling the milk, and then excluding the air to prevent a further access of germs. The milk is placed in perfectly clean glass bottles, which are kept in boiling water for fifteen minutes or longer, and then tightly corked.

Nationalist Club.

There was an interesting meeting of the society yesterday. Mrs. Sunderlin read an interesting paper showing the heartless abuse of employés by the employers engaged in the manufacture of cheap clothing and other products where woman and child-labor are used. The speaker also eulogized some of the ladies who are leading pioneers in the Nationalist movement.

L. H. Banister read a paper upon the theme, "Money—Its Object and Its Use." The speaker stated that the primal object of money was a means to facilitate exchange, and if no other use were made of it there would be but little trouble in the financial world.

But speculation and the system of landlords are absorbing the wealth of our Nation. The speaker illustrated the origin of the national banks and how the people are taxed to support them.

Near the close an illustration was given showing that had the widow's mite been cast into the treasury—say 1880 years ago—it would long since have absorbed the wealth of the world. The speaker stated that there can be no reform in this system as long as the masses worship millionaires, or as long as the masses hope to be millionaires, and this can only be cured by educating the people.

An Honest Boy.

Mrs. George D. Webster, who lost her pocketbook Saturday evening, containing \$154, has recovered possession of her valuable property, and will leave for Salt Lake City today with a much lighter heart than she had Saturday night. A lad by the name of Boyd found the purse on the street and took it immediately to his mother, who lives in the eastern part of town. There it was opened and a check and papers contained among its contents showed to whom it belonged. Mrs. Webster was at once looked up and the money returned to her. The boy was rewarded for his honesty, and now everybody is happy.

The city assessment of Riverside this year is \$3,762,200, which is \$19,872 less than that of last year. This is not due to any shrinkage of value, but to the assessment having been made under a new and more equitable schedule.

The San Diego Sun states that the extreme hot weather has worked a great injury to the orange crop of Southern California. The extreme heat has caused thousands of oranges to fall to the ground.

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BY MAIL, \$9 A YEAR.

A QUIET SUNDAY.

The Usual Events, with Little Out of the Ordinary.

CHEAP LIVING IN PASADENA.

How to Live with Your Wife on Thirty Dollars a Month—A Lost Pocketbook Recovered—Trotting Races.

The statement is frequently made that a family can live comfortably on less money in Pasadena than in any other town in the country. The TIMES reporter was impressed by the fact that this is indeed so by a conversation he listened to yesterday, which ran something like this:

"I don't see how half of the people in this town live." The speaker was an easterner who has been here about a week—long enough to become acquainted with some of the residents and the amount of their annual incomes. "There goes M—across the street," he continued, pointing in the direction indicated; "I knew him back in New Hampshire. Here I find him, living with his wife in a neat little suburban cottage and on thirty dollars a month salary. Bless my soul, it takes my breath away to think of it. One thing is sure, he's soon drift hopeless, in debt, and there's nothing telling what will become of him."

"Oh, no; he won't," said the other party to the conversation. "He's within his income."

"You don't mean to tell me a man can support a wife comfortably on \$30 a month?"

"Let me give you some figures; then judge for yourself. Mr. —— occupies a cosy four-roomed cottage fifteen minutes' walk from the center of town, and easily accessible by street car. He pays \$5 a month rent. Don't look startled, houses can be rented for almost nominal figures. His water privilege cost him \$3 a month. On an average his grocery bill for a thirty-days' stretch foots up a total of \$10. For \$7 he can get all the meat he wants, and good quality at that."

"Vegetables? Two dollars a month covers this portion of the living expenses. You needn't smile. Get hold of the right Chinaman and he will give you a head of cabbage, a lot of onions and radishes, and enough lettuce for two meals, and charge you a nickel for the lot. Fifty cents a week is all you need to spend for vegetables. The figures I have given you cover the actual living expenses of M— and his wife. They foot up a total of \$27. M— tells me, however, that he gets along on \$25. This leaves \$5 a month over for fuel—not burn enough in summer to keep any record of in the expense account—and clothing. Not a wide margin, I admit, but the men in Pasadena, you know, count themselves lucky if they can afford a triennial suit and the women make their own clothing and manage to buy the goods very cheaply."

The easterner appeared much impressed by what he had heard. He thought a moment and then ejaculated, "I'll be swizzled if I ever heard of so little money going so far. Next fall I'm going to bring my family out here to live, and although I don't expect to get along at the rate of \$15 a month piece, I know I can save considerably on my present living expenses and besides be located in a land that furnishes the most comfortable all the year round life in the world."

A MENU CARD.

Exquisite Examples of Art-Allegorical Historical Representations.

A Pasadenaian who was present at the grand banquet given in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to national and foreign dignitaries at the constitutional centennial in 1887, showed to the TIMES representative one of the menu cards furnished on that occasion.

The card is an exquisite example of art, being composed of six leaves of heavy Japan paper, lightly tied with red ribbon and illuminated with delicate etchings painted in pale brown ink. The frontispiece is an allegorical representation of history, enumerating the deeds of 1887. The second page contains the "proem," surrounded by several small etchings. The menu proper fills the third page. The list of dainty edibles and rare wines it contains passes description.

On the next page is the coast list. Alessandro which had been sold to the State for taxes, paying therefor into the county treasury the sum of \$160,000.

17 health and beauty you'd maintain, And keep your breath a perfect charm. Use SOZODONT with might and main; For it alone prevents the harm That mars a woman's teeth and breath And leaves her mouth as dark as death.

BANKS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

President, P. M. GREEN, Vice-president, R. F. BELL, Cashier, J. K. FARNUM.

Capital paid up.....\$100,000 Surplus.....\$6,000

A General Banking Business Transacted.

UNCLASSIFIED.

WANTED—BY A COMPETENT GIRL situation for general housework. Apply 104 ELEVADO DRIVE.

LEGAL.

Notice of Intention to Apply for Pardon.

TO THE HON. YGNACIO SEPULVEDA, ex-Judge of the superior court of Los Angeles county, before whom Antonio Armenta was convicted of the crime of murder, and who recommended the State Prison at Folsom, California, to be imprisoned for the term of his natural life; and to F. P. Kelly, Dist. Atty. of the county of Los Angeles, for the pardon of Antonio Armenta, who was convicted in the Superior Court of Los Angeles county, on the 15th day of November, 1889, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the State Prison at Folsom, California, her.

WANTED—BY RITA A. DE CAMPO, JOHN HORRAT, mark.

We, each of us, hereby acknowledge the within notice this 15th day of June, 1890.

Y. S. SEPULVEDA, Esq.—Judge of the Superior Court.

FRANK P. KELLY, District Attorney of the County of Los Angeles, California.

By H. M. MARBLE, Esq.

EDWARD THIMME, Esq.

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